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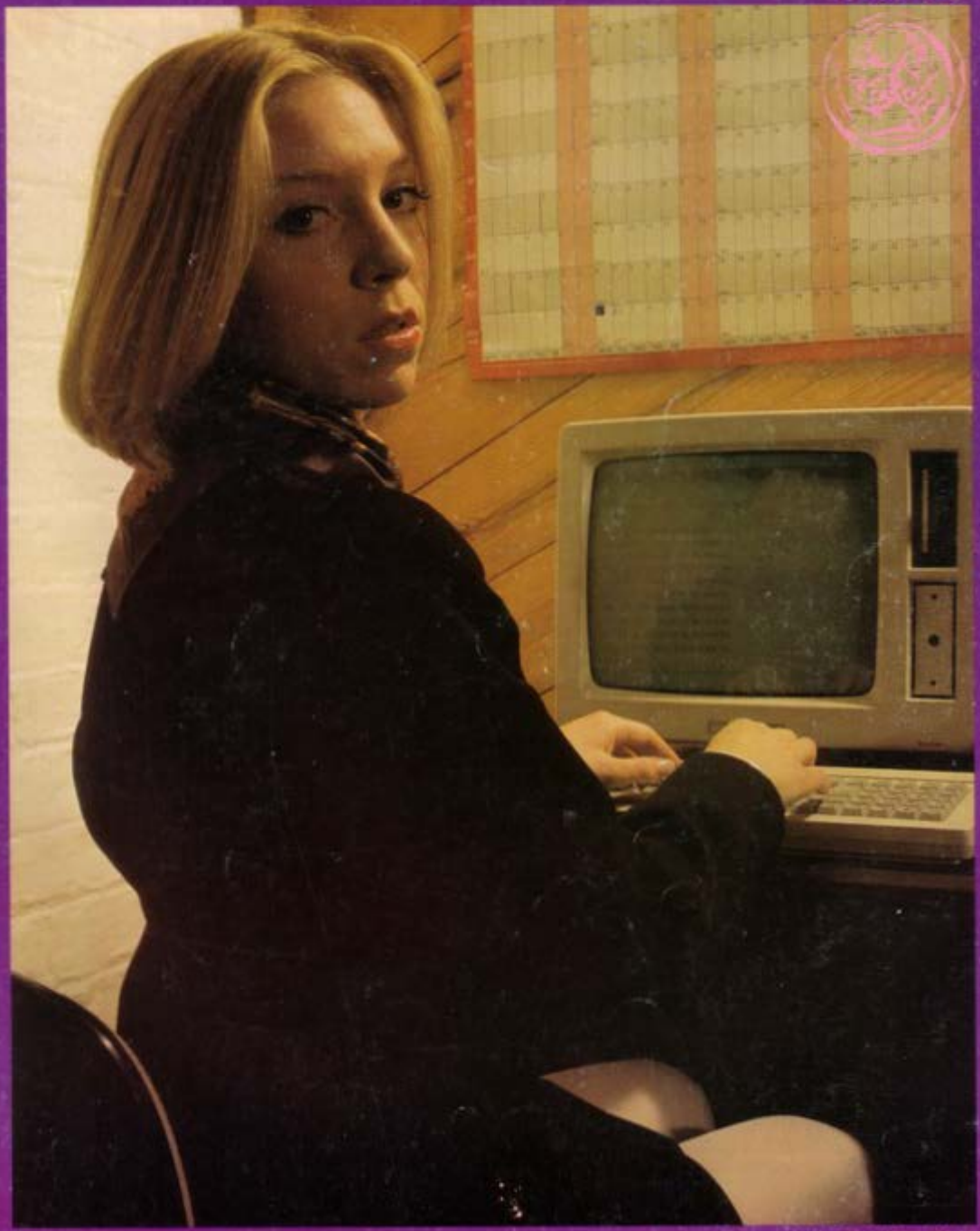

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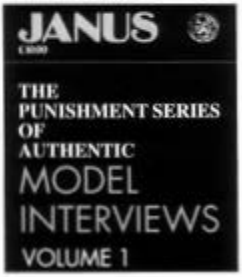

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JANUS
Number 95

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Gentleman's Agreement

photo fantasy

JULIET Tessler was quality. From the top of her sleek blonde hair to the tips of her patent black court shoes she oozed efficiency. The secretary supreme. Except that the last two firms she had worked for had gone down the tubes and she had been job-hunting for eight months. The recession was biting everyone.

This interview with one Nicholas Dickson, whom she presumed might vulgarly answer to the name of Nick, was one in a long line of similar encounters. It was a buyers' market, and she had been made to realise, with a bitterness bordering on contempt, that those doing the purchasing were not always able to recognise class.

'Well, Miss Tessler,' he was saying, 'I'm impressed with your CV, but you'll have to do a typing test.'

Juliet almost yawned. From his strong-voiced, no-nonsense intonation she guessed he came from common stock. Unlike herself, of course. She adjusted her Nina Ricci scarf, stood proudly up and swayed across the carpet to the computer in the alcove.

'You may start when I say "Go"!' She waited, fingers poised, pulses tripping a little quicker. 'Ready . . . steady . . . GO!' Juliet nearly smiled. What was this, the school sack race?

Three minutes later he called, 'Time's up, Miss Tessler. Bring your work here!' Juliet didn't need some smooth-looking neanderthal or sophisticated barrow boy to tell her she was good. She knew it perfectly well from hard experience in genuinely testing circumstances. Even so, for some ridiculous reason she felt apprehensive as she brought the typed sheets to him. A little like reporting to teacher, she thought.

Nick Dickson scanned the lines and felt a glow begin in the pit of his stomach. At last! She sure as hell spelt better than he did and he liked her rather prim manner almost as much as the perfume she wore. Still, that could be changed. This one was a worker, he could tell. In the ironic terminology of the hard-dealing business circles he moved in, she had balls.

But there was something else about her, too. Anyone with Nick's especial interests usually had a gut feeling that said *this one might*. It was an instinct deeper than conscious thought, and divined at the first moment of meeting. Of the seventeen would-be

secretaries he had seen so far, Juliet Tessler was not only streets ahead as regards skills and experience, but had that indefinable aura that only a practised chastiser is able to recognise.

'If I take you on,' he began, 'you'll quickly learn that I'm a person who speaks his mind, doesn't suffer fools gladly nor approves of idleness or mistakes deriving from slackness or inattention.'

'I understand,' said Juliet. And looked as if she did. 'I try to avoid making mistakes, and can't stand time-wasters.' Her blue eyes seemed to challenge him. She had already decided that she was made for this job. Excellent salary, small but energetic businessman with international connections, transatlantic and European travel so she could use her fluent French, German and Spanish. He even had a certain charm that might be nice at candlelit tables when the day's hard dealing and long hours were done.

'I wonder if you do.' His smile was rather nice. 'You see, Miss Tessler, it's important that you understand my requirement for strict office and time-keeping disciplines.'

Her eyes did not flinch as she assessed the implications of this remark. 'I assure you,' she said, 'that no one can be harder on me than I am on myself.'

Nick Dickson leaned forward. 'Then do I take it you'd have no objection to paying the penalty for any mistakes or lapses of judgment?'

Juliet swallowed hard. She had had an instinct about this one the moment she had walked in and shaken his hand. It was a strong hand. He had reminded her a little of her very first lover when she was still very young. His hand, too, had been broad and hard yet capable of great gentleness.

'If you will explain precisely what you mean, Mr Dickson,' Juliet said carefully, 'then I shall be able to consider the matter.'

Nick saw no point in further delay. It was now or never. He reached under the desk and brought out a long, whippy, crook-handled cane. Juliet Tessler regarded it in silence. Had any other man done this, she would have thanked him politely for his time and walked out. But in the tense seconds which followed, she listened to her heart as well as her head.

And her heart was hammering. With fear? Excitement? Was it like being 18 again and learning correction from a much older man who, after the storm of pain, was about to turn her tears to sighs?

'Well, Miss Tessler?'

'I . . . have never felt so confused in my life, sir,' she

found herself saying.

The unexpectedness of her reply made him smile. It broke the tension. Juliet's usually well-ordered mind was in a whirl. *Why* wasn't she leaving? *Why* wasn't she storming out with a disdainful glare? The reason had only partly to do with securing this job, much as she wanted it — there would always be another, eventually; and anyway she had too much pride.

'Don't you feel,' he was saying, 'that this confusion should be dealt with in an appropriate manner? After all, a top secretary should never be confused — should she?'

And, in so saying, Nick Dickson found the trigger. Suddenly it all felt *right*: a common language discovered between them, and the first faltering conversation about to be broached.

The guilty dip of her head, the biting of her underlip, were more eloquent than words. 'Lift up your skirt, Miss Tessler,' came the steely tones. 'I shall require you to present an unimpeded target.'

Utter stillness followed. Her eyes were brave and blank on his. Then her hands gripped the dress-hem and she wriggled the garment up to her hips, revealing white panties and suspender belt above the prim pale stockings. Juliet always took as much care with her undergarments as with her outer clothes.

'I intend to punish you with reasonable severity,' Nick was saying, 'in order that we understand each other from the start, should I offer you the job and you

decide to take it.'

'Yes, sir,' she whispered.

'I beg your pardon?' Nick said, flexing the cane in his hands.

'Yes, sir!' she said a little louder.

Nick stood up and stepped around the table. 'Bend down, Miss Tessler, and touch your toes.'

Juliet doubled over. Her hair flopped floorwards, her face flushed pink. Could she endure such appalling embarrassment? Her outstretched fingers nudged the toes of her shiny shoes, while her arse — yes her *arse*, because it felt so rude and rawly exposed — seemed in her mind to have swollen to twice its usual size.

She watched his feet as he stepped up beside her. Her eyes felt hot with unshed tears, for she knew he was looking at that intimate part which decorum and

decency normally kept hidden.

'I am going to give six strokes to begin with,' he told her. For Juliet this was quite bad enough, but what he said next made her gasp. 'On the bare buttocks.'

Before she could protest, Juliet felt his fingers at her panties' waistband, then peeling them down over her outjutting rumps. If Juliet felt she could cry out her indignation, then why did this sudden baring of her bottom feed tingly thrills into her tummy and loins?

Nick Dickson swallowed hard. He raised the cane. His own heart thudded. Juliet Tessler's buttocks were trim and firm, yet voluptuously rounded and inviting. It was like looking for the first time on a face which one knew would become familiar and well-loved; the first taste of sweet apples fresh from the tree. Exulting, he brought back the cane behind his shoulder and swung it in.

As the slender wand struck across both bottom-cheeks with an echoing *crack*, the fire of it burned through the tender skin, travelled to the top of her head and out to her very extremities, making her arms and legs shake.

She grunted loudly, as if lifting a heavy weight, and shook her hips. Nick drew back, measured, swung in again. The jarring sensation up his arm when the cane met the abrupt resistance of her buttocks and wrapped itself around them was simply glorious, eliciting a tiny yelp from the bent-over girl as the

pliant shaft leaped away again, leaving a second tell-tale track.

The third stroke seemed to float through the air, swift but deadly-delicate, impacting loudly against those smooth ivory-hued pillows of springy flesh. The kiss was sweetly savage and fervent. Juliet felt it like a splash of ice and fire in her behind, and tried not to cry out.

She wanted to put her hands behind her to shield her sensitive cheeks and rub their furious stinging, but there was something about this man's powerful presence and raw male energy which precluded such action. *Whack!* The cane sailed in, crisp and firm — not *really* hard, but enough to make her bottom know about it. This time as the shaft left its searing mark, Juliet was surprised, despite the extreme humiliation of her posture, that the burning kiss was almost tolerable.

Nick was enjoying himself. In fact he hadn't been so happy for weeks. The cane felt light and venomous as he gripped harder, drew back his arm, swung again at the enticing target. The shaft struck the naked globes of Miss Tessler's well-presented bottom and rebounded so hard that he thought the cane might leave his hand and keep on flying. The screech she gave was testimony to its effectiveness.

'Aaahhh!' she yelled. Just as he raised the cane high for the sixth stroke, the telephone rang.

'Stay down, Miss Tessler,' he commanded. 'I haven't quite finished with you yet.' The moment he had stepped away to pick up the phone, Juliet flung her hands behind her and gripped her burning cheeks,

kneading and soothing the smooth-soft skin, cosseting the cane-tracks which throbbed and stung.

Juliet stayed bent over a short while longer, listening to him become more involved in his phone call, fiddling with papers and scouring files as he talked. Until at last, feeling utterly ridiculous in her present position, she straightened.

It was a mistake. 'You will remain bent down until I give you instructions to rise, Miss Tessler,' he called out, covering the telephone mouthpiece as he did so. 'My brand of office discipline is *exactly* that, and I want you to be in no doubts about it!'

With an alacrity which surprised her, Juliet doubled over again. Legs trembling, heart pounding, she touched her toes and waited. Time went on. Her prospective boss's voice on the telephone was in turn jovial, terse, insistent, uncompromising, generous, firm. In the several more minutes during which she remained humiliatingly bent over, Juliet learned more about Nick Dickson's character and style than she might have done in a dozen interviews. What made it all the more galling was that she more and more liked what she was learning.

She heard the receiver replaced, and the slow measured tread of his approach. She was breathing shallowly. One more, and this would be over.

'You seem to understand discipline fairly well, Miss Tessler,' Nick Dickson said approvingly. 'In which case you will appreciate that deliberately to rise when my last instruction was to stay down merits its

own reward.'

'Yes, sir.' Juliet never knew why she said that. Perhaps it was simply that she felt more secure when the rules were clearly defined. Crazy though it sounded, she could relate far better to a boss as vehemently positive as Nicholas Dickson, than to one who deferred decisions and needed constant ego-massaging.

'So it will be the one we missed, and another six for standing up when I hadn't told you to.'

'No, Mr Dickson, that's not fair!' But she knew that, under his rules, it was.

'Stay down, and perfectly still,' he rumbled ominously. She felt the coolness of the cane across her bare bottom as he laid it there a moment and lightly tapped a couple of times; then heard him grunt, the swish of the shaft through the air — and her buttocks flamed with the shock of an impact far more severe than any previous stroke.

'How *dare* you stand up!' was his only comment as Juliet fought to control the fearful blazing in her rumps. Her eyelashes were wet and she gritted her teeth.

Whop. Nick watched the soft flesh flatten and ripple as the cane stung home again. This one was a treasure. Never mind her rather snooty manner, she was a game little toughie with fire in her soul as well as — at the moment — elsewhere in her anatomy.

'How many more, Miss? I'm afraid I've lost count.'

'F-five.'

Nick smiled as he hefted the cane, refirmed his stance and readdressed the delectable bottom before

him. My God, this one was honest, too! Surely *all* secretaries should be soundly caned as a vital part of their assessment interview — it certainly sorted the women from the girls. He again brought the cane hissing in to bury itself in the soft crests of those twin peaks with a noise like a gunshot, yet Juliet Tessler confined her vocal reaction to a squeal.

'Straighten those legs. Get them straight! Push that bottom *up* and *out*!'

Juliet adjusted her sagging body, straining her knees backwards and buttocks upwards. Then down it came, scorching against her tormented arse-cheeks with another streak of ice and fire.

Whop! The gasp she gave was almost as loud as the impact.

Three more.

The cane flew back, hungry now. This stroke cracked in against the downy undercheeks of that delightful bottom, further reddening the roasting moons. Juliet felt its sting a little less keenly, as if her behind were numbing in self-defence. For the next one, however, she made the mistake of clenching her buttocks, as if the tensed muscles beneath the silky surfaces would somehow fend off the hurt.

Thwock. She jumped; the pain was appalling.

'Nature made your pretty bottom soft to absorb impact, Miss Tessler,' came Nick Dickson's chiding tones. 'If you try to harden it up, you must suffer the consequences.'

'Yes, sir.' How dare he be so right! Her mind was beginning to swim. How many more was it . . .?

'How many more?'

'One, sir!' she sang out. And was, of course, correct.

In it came, swishing through the air in a blur to judder hard against Juliet Tessler's well-punished buttocks, setting up further waves of heat and pain. A throbbing, pulsing, blazing, prickling heat that would not allow her to sit in comfort for many hours, or maybe days.

Nick stepped back. 'You may rub,' he said. Miss Tessler did so. Half crouched, she rubbed and squeezed each bottom-cheek as if her hands were water putting out flames.

'Pull up your panties and readjust your dress.'

Painfully Juliet eased the flimsy fabric up over her seething bottom and pulled down her skirt. Her buttocks still burned beneath the tight sheath, and she continued to rub while she turned to face him.

Nick Dickson smiled. 'You've got the job, Miss Tessler,' he said. She smiled too, and took his outstretched hand.

'Thank you, sir.'

'Start Monday.'●

Circles of Decision

Viewpoint by M.B. of Grimsby

> Let me ask this: if you wanted to nibble your girlfriend's ear, tickle her toes, or do whatever else she might enjoy, would you ask her permission? Do you ask permission to kiss her goodnight? I am quite sure that your answer to these questions will be no – you simply go ahead and do it, and thereby extend the relationship by discovering what it is that each of you enjoy and what is not so enjoyable. In my view, there is absolutely no reason why a slap on the bottom, even several slaps, should not be treated in exactly the same way, provided that your attitude is right in the first place

I WOULD like to explore further some of the issues raised by Francis Harrow in his excellent article 'The Point of No Return' in *Janus* 92, and in particular to look at the effects of changes in social attitudes towards spanking over recent years. Mr Harrow showed in a way both instructive and entertaining the desirability of finding a compatible partner for CP activities, and also some of the difficulties involved in doing so. Whilst I agree wholeheartedly with his analysis, I do not think that the difficulties need be insuperable, given a little patience and understanding, and I hope that by the end of this article you will also feel this way and so be heartened in your search.

In the beginning

To establish my credentials, I have been a regular reader of *Janus* since its first publication and an active contributor to the readers' letters columns for nearly as long. The first time I placed a girl across my knee and spanked her firmly I was 18 years old, and even prior to that I had slapped not a few female bottoms. Thereafter I had the usual succession of girlfriends and I can say quite truthfully that all except one were spanked – some of them quite regularly – during the course of our relationships. Since my marriage I have had the privilege of spanking a number of different ladies, both among our circle of friends and through Privilege Club contacts. In the majority of these cases the ladies concerned were not previously 'into' spanking, and I therefore consider myself something of a specialist in this form of initiation. So having told you something of my spanking experience, what of social attitudes and their effect on the spanking scene?

Attitudes to spanking

The first major change of which everyone will be aware is that for many years now corporal punishment has been illegal in state institutions and rare in the home, whereas when my generation was growing up it was a commonplace everyday occurrence. Secondly, and more recently, the present level of censorship in Britain means that magazines such as *Janus* are not only having to work within quite restrictive guidelines, but are almost unobtainable in many areas of the country. The primary result of these changes, so far as we are concerned here, is that today's younger generation of adults has no direct experience of corporal punishment, either as a recipient or witness, and little or no opportunity to read about it in magazines.

Today's would-be spanker is most unlikely to 'discover' *Janus* on a railway station bookstall as I did 20-odd years ago, because the publication's outlets are more circumscribed. Yet ample evidence exists that there is a large body of people who possess an inherent desire to spank or be spanked, and are unaware that others share this desire. So they seek to ignore it, frequently becoming depressed and frustrated in the process and perhaps fearing themselves, quite wrongly, to be abnormal. If you pause to consider the implications of this, you will realise that the attractive young lady with whom you may be about to embark upon a relationship, whose delightfully rounded bottom your palm is itching to smack, is almost certainly virgin so far as spanking is concerned. And the chances that she will have seen a CP magazine are virtually nil.

In these circumstances, the *last* thing you should do is to

show her the latest *Janus*, and ask if she would mind being spanked! That would be akin to showing her the Kama Sutra on the first date prior to kissing her goodnight, and would be likely to achieve the same result: at best a 'Dear John' letter and at worst a firm clout with her handbag, possibly both! It is not enough simply to accept the social changes outlined above: you must positively recognise them as facts of life, and treat them not as obstacles but as *advantages*. Now this is not done without some effort on your part. In a nutshell, your own attitude must change to reflect the current attitudes of society as a whole, bearing in mind that a young, potential girlfriend may not have seen *Janus*, but will probably have read unfavourable and unsavoury accounts of spanking in the national press and listened to one-sided censorship debates on television.

Your first task therefore may well entail overcoming implanted and quite misleading impressions. I find that it helps enormously if you stop thinking about spanking as corporal punishment – in the context of the current discussion, the word 'punishment' and the mental image which it conjures up are quite wrong. You may of course progress to the stage where a spanking is delivered as a punishment, but this will (or certainly *should*) be either after your girl has willingly joined in previous spankings or when you are so angry that you are past caring (in which case you're on your own!). We are still considering how you can successfully induce your girl willingly to accept spanking as fun and an integral part of your relationship.

Let me ask this: if you wanted to nibble your girlfriend's ear, tickle her toes, or do whatever else she might enjoy, would you ask her permission? Do you ask permission to kiss her goodnight? I am quite sure that your answer to these questions will be no – you simply go ahead and do it, and thereby extend the relationship by discovering what it is that each of you enjoy and what is not so enjoyable. In my view, there is absolutely no reason why a slap on the bottom, even several slaps, should not be treated in exactly the same way, *provided* that your attitude is right in the first place. Let me illustrate how this worked in practice for me.

The virgin spankee

When I was in my early twenties (and already an avid spanker) I became friendly with a girl called Elizabeth, who was a year or two younger. She lived with a maiden aunt, and seemingly was a quiet mouse of a girl who had led a very sheltered life. In fact beneath that quiet exterior she had a bright, engaging personality, and the same healthy interest in sex as any 20-year-old girl. I fully intended of course that she would be going over my knee for a spanking in due time, and my initial exploratory pats to her bottom indicated that not only would it be highly enjoyable, but also that she did not seem averse to feeling my hand on her brief panties. So, one evening while we were watching television on a sofa, it was a simple matter to gently manoeuvre her legs across mine and after a decent interval of loving cuddling to roll her over so that she was face-down on my lap. Naturally I had made sure that her short skirt had nicely ridden up in this process, but equally I was ready to desist if she raised any vehement objections. In the event, she did not object at all (I forgot to ask afterwards if she had realised what was going on) and there I was with her bottom splendidly presented and framed in attractive white suspenders and brief silken panties.

After delivering a not-too-gentle spanking, we continued 'kissing and cuddling' after which Elizabeth again allowed me to spank her. Thereafter, spanking was a regular part of our evenings together – in due course with her panties lowered. It was during one such session that I asked Elizabeth if she actually enjoyed being smacked, or whether she was just doing it to oblige what she thought might be a quirk of mine. She admitted that not only did she enjoy it (and in fact was enjoying it) but also that she had never so much as been slapped by her parents as a child, much less been put across a man's knee and spanked on her bare bottom. She could not explain why she liked it, and we did not pursue the philosophy of spanking very far. Although I used to spank her quite firmly, it was always as part of our lovemaking, and not as a punishment. It was always 'just' a hand-spanking – albeit delivered in the traditional over-the-lap position with myself on a straight-backed chair. I never had the chance to 'progress' to a punishment scene using a cane or paddle for the simple reason that part way through the relationship I renewed acquaintance with the girl who became my wife six months later! My one regret is that I could never discover if Elizabeth found a man who would continue the good work which I began. I have seen her only once or twice since we parted company, although by all accounts she is happily married with a family now, as am I.

The above is a factual account of what really took place, and I could indeed recite several similar stories if space permitted. My point is that Elizabeth had no prior knowledge of, or apparent interest in, spanking – whether as fun or as punishment – until she found herself across my knee. I beg leave to doubt that she would have allowed that to happen if I had first asked her permission or showed her a *Janus* photo fantasy. She might have done, but frankly I don't believe in fairies at the bottom (sic) of the garden! If you wish to teach someone arithmetic, you don't start by showing them the theory of relativity but by counting the number of fingers they possess. By the same token, if you wish to teach someone the joys of spanking, you don't start with *Janus*, but show them that those two circles of soft pink flesh have other uses apart from rounding out their panties so excitingly. Remember: if you are ever in doubt, those same circles will decide for themselves whether or not they like being smacked!

The latent desire

I have tried to show so far in this article that some girls possess a latent desire to be spanked – many more than one might suppose – and this latent desire is merely waiting to be recognised and awakened. On the evidence of my own experience I am convinced that this is so, and I cannot believe that I am unique in this. In my own case there was quite definitely a latent desire to spank, which was *not* fostered by any childhood experiences and it must surely follow that the complementary desire or instinct resides in the female (and of course some males).

So how do you set about waking this particular sleeping beauty? You must learn to watch out for the sort of comments or behaviour which, even if only subconsciously, indicate that a justified spanking will be accepted, and having recognised the signal, be sure to warn that any repeat performance will be dealt with by spanking. You can then relax and wait for the (hopefully inevitable) repeat, which will be the signal for you to swing into action. Of course you must be careful to lead up to this culmination of your ambitions tactfully and with a good deal of banter, but this is surely not too much to ask in view of the rewards you expect to receive.

Let me give you another factual example. Whilst at a business conference I met an American lady; we were both alone and, seated together at one of the evening functions, we struck up a friendship. We spent the evening dancing and chatting and generally enjoying a good time. Eventually we were in a group conversing over a nightcap, all relaxed and in a good humour, when Barbara, to give the lady her name, untied my shoelaces and then retied them between the two shoes. Everyone thought that this was a joke as we were just talking of retiring for the night, and Barbara resumed her seat next to me still laughing. When the conversation around us started again I whispered in her ear, 'If you don't do my laces up properly right now, I'll put you over my knee and paddle your behind.' When she continued to look at me I added, 'And I'll do it right here!' Of course, I had no intention of doing any such thing as it would have done my business reputation no good at all, but *she* didn't know that, and in a trice had knelt down to retie my laces properly. As she rose to resume her seat I couldn't resist a gentle pat to her extended rear (she was wearing velvet evening trousers) and I then said, 'Thank you, but remember you are still due for a paddling!' She blushed, but didn't say anything, and shortly afterwards took my arm during the general leave-taking whilst we walked upstairs. I had no idea where her room was but as luck would have it, it was on the same floor as my own and we reached her door first. I politely offered to say goodnight at her door, being the perfect gentleman, but added that I had not forgotten that she had been promised a paddling. Grinning a little uncertainly, she unlocked her room and went in, leaving the door ajar. The second signal, you see . . .

I followed her into the room, and helped her take off her evening wrap before placing a chair in the centre of the room, conveniently clear of the bed. As we stood facing each other, I could see that her eyes were sparkling with apprehensive anticipation; was this *really* going to happen to her, a professional businesswoman? Too damn right it was! I carefully unbuttoned the waistband of her trousers, since the velvet material was rather too thick to be spanked through. The zip followed, and the trousers were soon peeled down over her hips, from where they could easily be slid down once she was over my knee. All this had been done in total silence, and I asked if she were ready.

Barbara swallowed hard and nodded, so I sat on the chair, and gently pulled her over my lap. As you can imagine, the spanking which followed was *not* gentle! After delivering a firm bottom-warming, it occurred to me that I had promised a paddling, not a hand-spanking and I commented on this to Barbara, still over my knee and with a bright pink bottom barely hidden by blue satin briefs. You may imagine my delight when she suggested the hairbrush which lay on her dressing table – this is of course a favoured implement for spanking in America. It was the work of a moment to reach over, taking care that Barbara did not slide on to the floor in an undignified heap, and grasp the hairbrush. For the next five minutes or so, I spanked each bottom-cheek soundly with that providential brush until I felt that justice had been done – and could be seen to have been done from my vantage point looking down on two scarlet globes.

When I released Barbara, she admitted that she had deserved to be punished (her word) and said that the last time she had been spanked with a hairbrush had been by her father in her late teens. I felt honoured to have used this ready-to-hand implement upon her. After Barbara had tidied herself up – she put on a dressing gown as she said her bottom was too sore to replace her trousers – we had a final cup of coffee, with herself standing up may I add, and I said goodnight. An amusing postscript was that we met the next morning coming out of our respective rooms to go to breakfast, and of course walked into the dining room together. I am sure you can imagine what all the other delegates thought as they saw us walk in. How wrong they were! It was perhaps as well that they didn't know what had actually taken place, though if anyone noticed the very careful way Barbara eased her bottom on to the chair, they might have guessed!

Whilst the world may not be full of Barbaras, the above *factual* account shows that they do exist – all you have to do is watch for the signals and be ready to take advantage of them.

Turning full circle

For the dedicated spanker therefore, it is relatively easy to watch out for those females who may be receptive to a spanking, and to so arrange matters that with a little prompting a likely candidate will receive what she is hoping for. With time and experience one tends to develop a 'sixth sense' as to which ladies have this potential even when it is dormant in their natures. Incidentally, whilst I have written on the assumption that the spanker is a male and the spankee a female, I do realise that the same arguments will not necessarily apply to the reverse situation, or be helpful to the female spankee who is trying unsuccessfully to persuade the dumb cluck opposite to put her over his knee and spank her bottom – after all, she can hardly lift her skirts, drape herself over his lap and invite him to carry on! But to treat either of these aspects as fully as they deserve would require another article as long as this one.

The final issue I would like to explore is the one which brings all the foregoing round in full circle, though it is the one thing which is frequently overlooked. Put simply it is that a spanking requires *two* people, and almost by definition that entails an agreement or acceptance between them about the spanking, whether tacitly understood or expressly stated. Without such an agreement by the spankee, it is hardly possible to put her across your knee in the first place and deliver a spanking in the way in which it should be delivered. You can of course indulge in the sort of undignified wrestling match where a few wild swipes might land in the general vicinity of her bottom, but whilst wrestling matches certainly have their place between loving partners, we are here concerned with the proper administration of a firm spanking, and this cannot be achieved if the spankee is writhing about on the floor trying to apply the half-nelson to the spanker!

If the above applies to a traditional over-the-knee spanking, it applies even more so when using implements such as the cane or strap, which require the spankee to bend over to present her bottom for chastising, without the support of a manly thigh under her tummy and the gentle restraint of a hand on her waist. But it is in this more complete acceptance, by *choosing* to bend over and with her bottom defencelessly bared awaiting the first sting of the cane or strap, that the spankee will appreciate the significance of her acceptance and the real meaning of the agreement with her partner. Namely that it is *she* who is in control in reality, and not the one wielding the instrument of correction. She can, if she wishes, simply stand up and walk away. The fact that she will not do so, does not *choose* to do so, is partly a measure

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IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

by Marianne Hamilton

'I ONLY LIKE DOMINEERING MEN, MICHAEL. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ACCOMMODATE MY NEEDS?'

Claire lit another cigarette and gazed out of the window. It was such a beautiful day, definitely too nice a day to be stuck in a stuffy office. The view was not a picturesque one, only city rooftops and scaffolding, but the sunshine and blue sky made it appear so inviting. Another hour to go and then it would be time for lunch. Claire could hardly wait to get some fresh air.

She turned back to her desk and tapped away at her keyboard. She really enjoyed her job at the insurance company but when summer came along she just longed to be out getting a tan. Not that it took much for Claire to get a tan: her dark complexion needed only a couple of days in the sun to look positively foreign, though she was a born and bred Londoner. Her long brown wavy hair, prominent Roman nose and bright green eyes often caused her to be mistaken for an Italian tourist, but Claire didn't mind being noticed for *whatever* reason. She loved to get wolf-whistles from builders and winks from taxi drivers and compliments from saucy waiters. She feasted on male acknowledgement of her beauty, and it was hardly surprising that such tributes came thick and fast considering the tiny clinging T-shirt dresses she squeezed on to her 5'8" frame. At 24 years of age she was not just an amazingly pretty face and sexy body but a girl who really had her head together and knew what she wanted from life.

'Hi Michael, I'm leaving now and I'll see you in a minute.' Claire stood up from her typist's swivel chair as she replaced the receiver. Michael was a sweet guy who worked at the newsagents just across the street from the insurance giant. She had been using the shop for nearly a year and they had become friendly enough to have lunch together occasionally. Claire liked Michael very much, although all she had managed to get from him so far was a kiss on the cheek. She was sure he was scared of her glamorous sophistication and lush, ripe sensuality. Still, Michael was a quiet guy of twenty and Claire appreciated his company probably far more than he knew.

Claire stood in the high-speed lift adjusting her dress a little. The doors parted and her long legs strode down the corridor, heels clicking assertively on the shiny tiled floor. Then finally she was out of the building. The brightness of the sun made her rummage in her handbag in search of her sunglasses, and she looked even more exotic when she put them on. She crossed the street just as Michael was coming out of the newsagents, his bright blue eyes gleaming at her in the sunshine.

'Hello, usual place?' Michael said, cocking his head towards the pub.

'Yeah, we can sit in the garden,' Claire answered.

They turned the corner and pushed their way through the crowd into the pub, then walked straight through to the garden. There were no seats free so Claire sat down on the grass in the sun. Michael returned to the bar to get the drinks and Claire watched him as he went, flicking her dark hair back off her face. She felt herself relax as her skin soaked up the sunshine, happy to be in her true element.

'There you go,' said Michael, awakening Claire from her tropical daydream and handing her a glass of white wine and soda. Michael was so young and fresh, it always excited Claire to be seen with him. His strong masculine physique turned girls' heads wherever he went, but it was also his great sense of humour and caring personality that made him so attractive. Michael sat beside her on the grass and exchanged a few words and glances with people he knew. Claire's eyes searched his body, hidden behind her opaque shades. Dressed in a tight white T-shirt, jeans and trainers, he oozed sex appeal. He was definitely the kind of guy you expected to find in a health club, not a *newsagents*.

After another couple of drinks and a cheese salad sandwich it was time to return to the dullness of the office. Claire stood outside the newsagents and watched as Michael walked back inside. She really didn't want to go back in to the office, but trundled along anyway. Once inside she ploughed on with her work, trying to make the day go as fast as possible. Finally there was a buzz of flurried commotion as people started to put on their jackets and leave for the hustle and bustle of the rush-hour. Slowly Claire cleared her desk and prepared herself for the journey home.

Inside her small but cosy flat she kicked off her heels, poured herself a glass of wine and lounged on the sofa. She played with the TV controls, flicking from channel to channel and settling for the news. It was a Friday night and Claire felt like doing something exciting, but she had no inspiration and no energy even to move from her safe and comfortable sofa. As she stared at the television not really hearing a word, the telephone rang. With a sigh she rose and moved to the hall. 'Hello,' she murmured.

'Hi, it's Michael,' she heard. 'I haven't disturbed you, have I?'

'Oh no, of course not. I was trying to drum up enough energy to take a bath!'

'Have you any plans for tonight? I'm at a bit of a loose end and wondered

whether you fancy coming for a drink,' said Michael in a bright and jolly voice. Claire thought for just a second and then agreed, arranging for him to pick her up at around nine.

Claire soaked in a hot bath, wallowing in the foamy bubbles. She almost fell asleep but at last managed to climb out, wrapped herself in a large towel and returned to the lounge. She poured herself some more wine and pondered on the thought of Michael actually asking her out. Never before had he asked her for more than a lunchtime drink or sandwich, and he had never made a pass at her. Was this the moment of truth? Had he finally noticed that she had been flirting with him all this time? Had the penny dropped that she wouldn't mind being more than friends? Well, she thought, it's taken him long enough.

While dressing, Claire flaunted herself to the mirror. She looked good and she knew it. The long black dress she had chosen was split up her thigh on one side. She threw on some pearls and black suede heels and was ready. She sat waiting in anticipation, flicking her fingertips over the tawse which lay ornamentally on a small black coffee table beside the sofa.

A car pulled up outside and Claire rushed to the window to see if it was Michael. It was. He was wearing a colourful cotton shirt and black trousers and shoes, his baby-fine blonde hair cropped short into the back of his neck. As she watched him walking up the path she realised he really did look only 20 years old. She waved after noticing he had seen her looking, and went to the door. 'Hi,' she said, smiling seductively as she ushered him inside. 'I'll just get my bag and we'll be off.'

They drove in Michael's new dark blue Escort to a wine bar about twenty minutes away. It was quite full but they managed to get a table near the window looking out on to the main street. Claire could not help but cross her legs, with that split showing off one of her silken brown thighs. She kept noticing Michael's eyes drop to her legs, and that brought out the tease in her. They made polite conversation about family and work, and time crept by. Then, all of a sudden, out of the blue Claire said, 'Do you find me attractive enough to want to sleep with me?' She could hardly believe her own ears when she heard what she was saying, but it was a combination of red wine and lust that made her say it. She felt hot to have put him on the spot.

Michael stared for a moment and the atmosphere grew slightly tense. Then, rather nervously, he answered, 'I would certainly sleep with you, given the opportunity.'

Claire's mind raced. Was this the right way to her heart's desire or not? She excused herself from the table to use the bathroom and to clear her head and plan her next move.

* * *

Claire returned to the table seeing only Michael as she eased herself through the crowded wine bar. She knew from the butterflies deep in her stomach that the time was right. 'I really do like you, Michael, but I have something to tell you,' she said, placing her elbows on the table and resting her chin on her hands. Michael leaned forward all ears and Claire sensed an inner strength in him that she had not noticed before. Claire knew that the moment had come to be frank with him, and now the butterflies were whirling in her tummy. 'I only like domineering men, Michael. Do you think you can accommodate my needs?'

That said, Claire relaxed back into her chair and waited expectantly for an answer or some kind of reaction.

'Shall we go straight to your place or would you like another drink?' Michael replied, smiling broadly as if he already knew the answer. He rose from his chair and made his way to the bar, bill and money in hand. There he stood patiently waiting for one of the busy bar staff to

notice that he was not invisible. Claire very impatiently shouted across the bar, 'Hey! Do you want to be paid or not?' A young barmaid turned and glared at her and took the bill and money from Michael. After collecting his change Michael looked slightly embarrassed, but then laughed and headed for the door. Claire followed, giving a quick smirk at the bar as she left. Her bottom wiggled in the tight dress as they headed for his car.

The journey was tense and exciting; the silence was deafening. Claire ran her fingers up and down the back of his neck and watched every move he made as he drove. Michael liked Claire, in fact he liked her a lot, but had always found her somewhat unapproachable. Now things were different. He had an opportunity and boy, was he going to make the most of it!

Once inside she escorted him into the lounge and sat him down beside the coffee table. She grabbed a bottle of wine and two glasses from the kitchen and swiftly returned, telling Michael to make himself at home while she made herself more comfortable.

Claire took a small bag from the bedroom and locked herself in the safety of her bathroom. She could hear her heart beating and could hardly breathe. She removed her dress, watching herself carefully in the mirror. She stood in only her high-heeled shoes, smoothing her hands over the inviting sight she saw. Had Michael noticed the tawse yet? Surely he had. She gasped at the thought. Was he planning to deal with her severely?

She felt her moistness and searched deeply with her delicate fingers. Her thoughts were racing far too fast for her to catch up with them. She tenderly touched the end of her tongue with her forefinger and traced an imaginary line around her lips. Her hand slid down the side of her neck nervously on to her breast. The nipple felt hard as she lightly fondled it as if it were made of porcelain. Then, as passion and anticipation tingled in her bottom, she cupped her hand and squeezed her breast firmly. She arched her back and caressed herself. Her skin had become clammy, her breathing hard and fast, her eyes closed, her mind a million miles away...

Realising that too much time had passed, Claire gazed at herself guiltily in the mirror and straightened from the

slumped position she had assumed against the bathroom wall. She washed frantically and opened the bag, removing a cream suspender belt, stockings and a silk G-string. She started to put them on, watching herself as she dressed. Her nipples had swollen to the utmost and were feeling incredibly sensitive. The cream silk material made her skin look a beautiful, inviting colour. She knew Michael would not be able to resist her. She touched her full, curvy bottom and the flesh was smooth and firm.

She crept into the lounge where Michael had poured some wine for them both and now stood facing the curtained window. If he could only picture the scene behind him . . .

'Michael, I'm ready,' said Claire in a meek voice. He turned to face her, holding the twin-tailed leather tawse he had taken from the coffee table. 'Is this want you want?' he asked in a tone that unnerved Claire. She walked towards him for some kind of affection, but he pushed her to one side.

'Kneel on the chair!' Michael said abruptly, pulling her towards it. Claire's heart was pounding as she knelt on the seat of the armchair with her elbows on its back and her amazing bum pushed out towards him, the thin silk thong separating her bare cheeks. She knew that this was what she wanted but still had that same uneasy, almost queasy feeling she always got at this point.

Michael looked at the beauty that knelt before him, and gasped. This was the sight he had hoped for so long that he might see. He had had no idea that she enjoyed spanking. Himself, he had experienced it only once before, and more playfully than in earnest. Evidently, Claire's need for the smarting leather was of a different order to that of the girl who once slapped his buttocks while they were making love, whose smacks he had happily returned. But for the prize that was to come — sex with his dream girl — he would give all he had to please her.

As he fumbled with the tawse, Michael thought of all those times he had undressed Claire with his eyes. He recalled how often he had indulged in erotic fantasies about her. He had always seen her as unattainable. Why hadn't he asked her out before? Why did her domineering, upfront character put him off so?

Well, now that he had the whole thing under control, he knew what he wanted from her. He wanted her body. He wanted her mind to think of him and only him. Maybe it was just that old male ego, but Claire was a special catch, *really* special. His heart seemed to miss a beat, he wanted to reach out and touch her, feel her flesh, make contact. But catching himself tapping the tip of the tawse on the palm of his hand, he knew what must be done.

Michael placed his left hand firmly on the small of Claire's back. She gave a small sigh of relief, feeling that he had made her wait for such a long time. No words, no actions, only her facing the wall behind the chair, waiting. Not daring to turn round to see what Michael was doing.

Michael lifted the tawse up, then it came swooping down.

A loud crack echoed through the room as leather met flesh. Claire felt every muscle in her body tighten. Then, without allowing her to absorb the sensations, another stroke came crashing down. Her bottom began to wriggle. She knew she had to slow him down, make him understand her need to come to terms with her pain and savour it. The sting was ferocious.

'That's for embarassing you in the wine bar!' Claire blurted out the words as she tried to catch her breath. She turned her head and looked at Michael's face. He was smiling mischievously as he traced his finger over the red mark he had already imparted to her cheeks. The material she clung to on the back of the chair suddenly seemed to become damp and slippery and full of static electricity as her palms grew sticky from the muggy night air and the intensity of the moment. She turned to face the wall and threw her head back as the tawse came down for the third time, and then the fourth time! Michael paused again as if to admire his work and watch her reaction.

'That's for flirting with the guys in the pub . . .' Claire said in a very girlish voice.

The next snaps of the leather tails biting her bottom sent pain shooting through her whole body. Underlying the hot smarting came waves of sensual throbbing that were very sexual for Claire, but still a sharp pain remained which made her clench her teeth and screw up her face with every stroke she took. As the tawse repeatedly cracked down on her supple cheeks, she seemed to be projected into another state where each minute was like an hour and each fiery moment lasted an age and a half. Gradually, as the strapping progressed, the burning fury in Claire's bottom melted to a numbness beyond pain and her secondary feelings grew stronger. The sensation was so exhilarating and excitement overcame her.

She was ashamed. She felt that Michael could see her excitement glistening forth, drawn out of her by his corrective wrath. Even if he couldn't, he surely must have sensed what was happening to her. She turned to look at him again and saw a bead of sweat roll down his forehead, making him blink as it ran into his eye. She was impressed by the look of intense concentration on his face as he dealt with her bottom. And — could it be so? — his own excitement from strapping her so determinedly.

'Face the wall!' he shouted in a stern voice, and Claire loved his power to command her. The tawse rose and fell twice more with great force and then Michael touched her, his fingers feeling sharp as he ran them over her hot marks. Claire gripped tightly on to the back of the chair, not daring to turn her head. She waited, wishing she could see what he was doing, then heard him take a sip of wine. She relaxed her body momentarily, and the next pain caught her unawares. It was *burning*.

'That's for teasing *me* all this time!' Michael called out, as if this were now *his* game that *he* was playing. The tawse whipped down into Claire's firm bottom. 'And that's for making me lust over you the way I do.' For the very first time since Claire had met Michael, she realised what feelings he had for her. Turning to look over her shoulder, breaking his order, she searched deep into his stunning blue eyes, hoping not to find any real emotions within herself. Commitment just wasn't her style.

Her thoughts were shattered as the tawse came smashing down on her now very tender buttocks. She squeezed her cheeks tight and then relaxed again, the harsh pain of the tawse now gone but the throbbing and heat more intense. Twice more the tawse came down with a loud crack, and Michael yelled, 'And that's for having such a beautiful body!'

He fell to his knees and kissed her bottom delicately. Claire felt hot all over and she closed her eyes as though to soak up every inch of the heat that spread through her limbs, welling up as an intense fire where her legs met. Claire needed his body desperately to complete the work that the tawse had done. She turned to look at him and said, 'I'm yours, Michael. Please take me.'

Michael stood up and led Claire to the sweet-smelling bedroom. He laid her tenderly on the cool pink bedspread and gently removed her G-string, as if unwrapping a precious gift. He began to kiss her all over, and as her excitement mounted higher and higher Claire very much hoped that Michael would prove as virile a lover as he looked and felt. He would need the stamina of a stallion to do justice to all the cravings he had awakened in her with the biting leather, and she knew she couldn't handle any disappointment now.

Claire felt great pride in achieving her youngest conquest yet. She had the ridiculous thought: *He's only 20, and he's going to make me come again.* But she had other thoughts as well. Maybe tomorrow she would have a new subject to think about. As Michael ravenously caressed and possessed her body and she greedily enjoyed him, Claire's eyes stayed closed and her mind wandered. Jonathan worked in her office, he was slightly older than her but very sexy . . . ●

COMFORTING JILLY

EDITH Hodge is proud to call herself a spinster. Men have never been any good to her, and her two black cats are all the company she keeps. She has her council flat and her job as a cleaning supervisor, and is known for her tough, down-to-earth manner. 'Muck me about and see what you get!' could be her motto. But Edith is not a nasty lady, just very practical and strong-willed, and well able to cope with life's vicissitudes. No respecter of persons, and not afraid to call a spade a bloody shovel. Unintimidated by man or woman, the big boss or her workforce. To her, Jilly Waistrose is a piece of cake.

'You're just a waster, girl! You don't know what day of the week it is. If I'd had a tenth of your privileges, I'd have made something of myself, I can tell you. You're a ridiculous creature!'

Hard words but thoroughly deserved, as Jilly had been made to realise eight years ago, when she had had to clock up a total of 200 hours' menial work under Miss Hodge's supervision. She hadn't even earned a penny — let alone thanks — for scrubbing those endless hard floors on her hands and knees till every muscle in her body ached and tears of bitter self-pity dripped on to her work-surface. In spite of her exclusive private education, huge family home and exquisite elocution, Jilly had had a brush with authority in her early twenties (as recounted in *Janus* 26) and the final solution, under the direction of Miss Hodge's crow-like squawks, had at least spared her the unimaginable ignominy of a custodial sentence.

At first, Jilly had been horrified to find herself obliged to take orders from this grim-faced woman who reminded her of the gardener's wife back home. Only *she* had addressed her with extreme respect, practically curtsying to her from babyhood. Not so Edith Hodge. Jilly still remembers, after all these years, how she had been snapped at when she had called her Mrs Hodge. '*Miss* Hodge, girl. *Miss*. You don't think I'd make that mistake, do you? I wouldn't wear any man's ring — the thought makes my flesh crawl. But I'm not like you. I dare say you've slept about a lot, haven't you, you dirty girl! And I bet you weren't just sleeping, either, oh no.'

Miss Hodge had her own moral standards and hangups which Jilly could not share. Yet her forthright views were at least consistent, and allowed her to do no wrong by anyone who had not crossed her. Unlike Jilly, she left no slipstream of broken hearts and unpaid debts. She did precisely what she said she would do, and did not do what she said she would not do. She lived to work, she said, and so should everyone else. Edith Hodge had given Jilly a major reality shock. With her there were no half-truths, no 'of course we love you, darling, we are your parents,' no manipulation that was not absolutely honest. She had put her through the mill, but Jilly had been better for it. She was old-fashioned, strict but fair, and perhaps for the first time in her life Jilly knew where she really stood with someone. Miss Hodge was trustworthy, crusty, yet somehow strangely reassuring to her in her perpetual confusion.

'Your trouble is, you never got what you should have when you were younger.'

'Love?' Jilly asked, hopefully.

'That too, maybe. But I'm talking about discipline. A good smacked arse to stop you misbehaving. A spanking to buck your ideas up. You're never too old for that, you know.'

* * *

Miss Hodge had not spanked her, because the terms of Jilly's supervision order did not encompass corporal punishment. The chastened girl had understood that Miss Hodge had truly cared for her, and felt grateful when at the end of her 200 hours the supervisor had smiled at her and given her her telephone number. 'Keep in touch if you want. I'm always good for advice.'

Eight years have passed, and Jilly still phones Edith Hodge from time to time. At 31, her life has changed so much. She has lived in several countries and moved in some charmed circles. She is calmer now, and more responsible. But Jilly is still the same person deep down, and will probably never get free of her self-doubts and stretched nerves. It is rather surprising that Jilly hasn't a partner at present and is still excitingly single — she recently flew back from Australia, having changed her mind about marrying someone at the very last minute. 'Oh Aunty Edith, I feel so guilty! I've really fucked up — oh gosh, sorry. He was just right for me but . . .'

Edith Hodge is so nice on the telephone. So warm and kindly and understanding. Going to see her is another kettle of fish. That's *serious*. But there is no other way for Jilly to put her mind at rest and feel again the freedom of being childish. It's so silly really, but Jilly always knows in herself when she needs a good telling-off and a firm hand to comfort her in her lostness. Edith Hodge: 'Don't worry, my love. I can deal with that problem. Leave it to me!' ●

Ms Seymour

by Wynn Bryan

ALEX replaced the phone with a sigh. Damn Roger Ormondroyd, as a human being he left much to be desired. As a publisher though, he was among the best. If it hadn't been for Roger, Alex would still be pushing a pen in a dingy solicitor's office. His present opulent business suite with kid-leather furniture and state-of-art word processing equipment was just one of the rewards that his talent, harnessed by Roger's aggressive promotion, had earned. Now the man had committed him to finishing a novelette in one week when he needed three. Naturally, the fee was substantial, but with that came a deadline and Alex had no option but to meet it. A great deal of midnight oil would have to be burnt!

'Bring me the Estermann manuscript please, Ms Seymour.' Alex spoke quietly into the grille of the inter-office speaker system. He was certain that his efficient and loyal PA had had more than just an elegant hand in this.

'Certainly, sir,' responded a soft feminine voice. 'Do you also require the research notes and synopsis?'

Alex brushed back his thinning hair and confirmed that he did. Little remained of what had once been an abundant thatch, but he strived to make the surviving strands cover the shortfall. Next, he tugged at a navy waistcoat and smoothed it across his not ungenerous stomach. After adjusting the Gresham's tie, Alex fixed his brown eyes on the connecting door to Ms Seymour's office. Within seconds, it opened.

Fay Seymour entered, as always exuding confidence. The soft dark eyes behind expensive horn-rimmed glasses were smiling. Like Alex she had carefully checked her appearance and at six feet in height she was an impressive sight to visiting clients and anyone else who met her. A perpetually perfect demeanour gave her an air of sophisticated

> ***Fay tried vainly to stop the quivering of her thighs. She became aware of his heavy breathing and felt the electric touch of his hand as he ran it smoothly and lightly over her sensitive, burning bottom. Over and over, stirring her lubricious feelings . . .***

superiority. Her looks were stunning.

A 36-year-old married woman, Fay Seymour's unlined face, high cheekbones and sculptured jaw bestowed on her a timeless and classic beauty. This was emphasised by glossy black hair drawn tautly back and fixed into a neat chignon. She was immaculately dressed in a tailored suit, crisp white blouse and black patent court shoes.

'I have taken the liberty of completing the research notes, sir,' Fay smiled, revealing full lips and even teeth. She placed a manilla folder neatly on his desk. 'You'll find the historical data in a special file on the research disc. Hard copy is in this folder.'

Alex was stunned. Fay Seymour had saved him two days' work. She was too damned good to be true.

'Er, yes . . . thank you, Ms Seymour.' Alex answered, tugging again at his waistcoat and feeling a little nonplussed. 'Your work is efficient in the extreme and I am most satisfied with the initiative you continually show . . .' He rambled on for a few minutes, complimenting her efficiency whilst slowly regaining his composure. She stood serenely at attention throughout. He knew that he was struggling, but he had to find a way of tackling her on the subject of Roger Ormondroyd.

'Thank you, sir,' Fay replied primly. 'I have also managed to delay HM Customs and Excise for one month. I didn't think you needed *that* distraction with a deadline to meet.'

'Ah yes, the deadline,' Alex said pointedly, and for a brief moment her dark eyes looked guiltily away. He knew for certain now. He had found the chink in her neatly starched armour.

'So,' he said quietly, 'it *was* you. You had no business telling Roger what I was working on.'

The realisation that she had given herself away jolted Fay's confidence. She suddenly felt defenceless and vulnerable, and very apprehensive. In all the time they had been together, she had never betrayed his trust, but now because of the pride and pleasure she felt in working for him she had let enthusiasm get the better of professional judgment. She wanted to say something but instead bit her bottom lip in frustration.

'You had no right to tell him what I was working on!' Alex's deep voice was raised and he was plainly angry. 'Your work for me is confidential in every way. You have abused your position of trust.'

Fay's heartbeat increased. Her mouth had dried and in contrast her palms were starting to perspire. She realised she was holding her breath.

'This means I shall be working until the small hours for a week! I will not tolerate this or any further transgression. My future projects *will* remain confidential!' He paused and leaned forward across the desk. 'NOW TAKE OFF YOUR KNICKERS, Ms SEYMOUR!'

His sudden, unexpected com-

mand hit her like a bolt of sheet lightning, conducting little thrills of excitement right through her tall, lithe body. She almost leapt to his bidding. In a most unladylike fashion she lifted the skirt of her suit, revealing long elegant legs and black stockinged thighs. She scrambled unsteadily out of the tiniest of white panties before placing both hands coyly over the luxurious black vee at the juncture of her thighs.

'Remove your hands!' Alex said sharply, rising swiftly to his feet. 'NOW TURN AROUND AND SHOW ME YOUR ARSE!'

His uncharacteristic coarseness thrilled her and with thumping heart Fay bent lewdly forward. Excitedly, she realised that he could see her bared buttocks and . . . and *everything*!

Alex strode around the desk and stood close behind her. She held her breath again, aware that he was looking . . . looking at her *naked flesh*, his eyes burning into her. She almost willed him to touch her, if only to break this terrible tension.

The touch that came was as unexpected as his earlier command. The right underswell of her bottom ignited as his palm exploded on the soft, offered flesh. Then the left cheek was set on fire with an even harder slap. Flames of heat surged through her, licking at the very centre of her femininity. She trembled in the confusion of shock, pain and burning pleasure.

Without pausing, he continued to spank her. Rapidly his hand tenderised the naked buttocks, intensifying and spreading the fiery thrills through her lower belly, thighs and loins. His hard palm flattened the sumptuous right globe first and then the left. Smack after smack cracked pistol-like on to her smarting flesh. She shuddered at each impact, writhing and squirming in an attempt to still the stinging smart. Soft, scarcely audible little moans escaped her lips and both of them knew that the moaning wasn't solely through pain.

Finally, Alex paused. Fay tried vainly to stop the quivering of her thighs. She became aware of his heavy breathing and felt the electric touch of his hand as he ran it smoothly and lightly over her sensitive, burning bottom. Over and over, stirring her lubricious feelings. Then the hand slid firmly around her waist and she was pulled, still bent forward, towards the kid-leather chesterfield. In one quick movement Alex seated himself and sprawled her ignominiously across his lap.

'I hope you agree that such a serious breach of trust deserves a thoroughly good thrashing, Ms Seymour,' Alex said coldly.

'I . . . I do, sir!' Fay panted breathlessly, 'oh, I do . . .'

A sound like the crack of a ringmaster's whip filled the study as Alex's palm once more exploded on the hot, pinkening flesh. Then again, and again, louder, and louder. Tears welled into Fay's eyes; her buttocks jerked and undulated: burning, stinging and throbbing, reacting urgently, and then . . . more urgently.

'Oh . . . oh,' Fay panted, 'oh, please . . . *please*, sir . . .'

Unceremoniously Alex let her slip to the floor in front of him. Fay found herself kneeling on all fours, the whole of her lower body heated and burning with embers that spread from her smouldering bottom.

'Perhaps this will be a lesson you will profit from, Ms Seymour,' he said quietly. 'Now I am going to FUCK you!'

She gasped, startled and aroused by his crudity. Her back arched and she pushed her throbbing bottom towards him. He took her as quickly and as suddenly as he had spanked her. The incursion was more intense than she could have imagined and her soft flesh melted moistly around him.

Fully half-an-hour later, Fay began preparing dinner. She was tingling all over, from both the lovemaking and the spanking, and her bottom still burned as hot as the grill she was now using. Alex had continued 'working in the study and she lovingly turned her considerable talents to cooking for him. After twelve years of marriage he was still the perfect husband, never failing to surprise her with romantic advances; always inventing new scenarios to stimulate and arouse her and always reaching the very core of her womanhood. Fay wanted to make the perfect meal for the perfect husband.

She had decided to serve dinner wearing the French maid's costume.●

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

of the emotional web which she and her partner have woven about themselves and partly a measure of the trust which she places in her partner's *agreed* dominance.

Similar criteria apply to the spanker of course: he will no more seek to spank a woman against her will than he would contemplate sexual intercourse against her will. Aside from the fact that both matters are serious criminal offences, either action would be quite unthinkable and foreign to his nature. The whole point and purpose is to enjoy the spanking mutually with a willing partner and *together* explore their spanking relationship. Just as the spankee will trust her partner not to proceed beyond the agreed bounds of his exploration, so she in return is trusted not to fake her enjoyment and acceptance in the mistaken belief that she is pleasing him. This would in fact be a betrayal of their relationship.

That said, it is not always easy to recognise a spankee's true feelings as she wriggles and squirms across your lap and pleads not to be spanked so hard (or at all). Many enjoy the tension and drama of the chastiser asserting his will over their pleas, complaints and mock-resistances. There are very few 'pure' masochists, and probably even fewer girls whose bottoms are not highly sensitive to being smacked. Although I have met a number of spankees whose tolerance was unusually high, the fact remains that a spanking hurts, make no mistake of that. The trick is to realise that a spanking also does other things when delivered in the right atmosphere between the right people. Regrettably, there are no magic formulae by which you can prescribe what is the right atmosphere or who are the right people, and the most practical advice I can give is that you will know it, and them, when you see it.

On that note I will draw this to a close, and leave you to ponder about those two circles of decision as you gaze speculatively at that girl across the room or in the railway carriage. She has such a lovely spankable bottom, and she has been returning my looks. I wonder if she'd be interested in . . . Well, don't just sit there, start looking for the first signal, and do let us know how you get on, won't you.●

READERS' LETTERS

All Janus readers' letters are edited versions of genuine letters received at our editorial offices – **we** don't make them up! Have you a fascinating experience to share with other readers? Go on, spell it out and send it in to the Editor. Names and addresses are never disclosed. Photos of readers' wives and girlfriends in spanking situations are welcome, too, so long as the model agrees to publication. We'll send a Model Release Form for any we hope to use in which faces are shown. Readers are reminded that it is our policy not to forward letters to our correspondents.

Arses From The Past

With your 100th issue coming up, I'd like to make a suggestion for its contents. Would it be possible to bring back some of the readers' favourite models from past issues for one last appearance? I imagine that it might be difficult to feature four or five girls in a single magazine. However, the opportunity to appear in such a special issue may, I hope, be enough to tempt back several of the best all-time models to show off their bottoms one final time.

I was very pleased to see you feature my favourite spanking position — over-the-knee — in *Janus* 93. The use of the strap and paddle as an alternative to the cane was also a welcome change. However, I would still like to see more use made of the carpet slipper as I believe this is still the most commonly used instrument in domestic spanking. Hopefully Stephanie Jackson will be featured again soon.

Your models always look great when clad in stockings and suspenders, and Lisa in *Janus* 92 is a perfect example. But I would like to see more girls being spanked or slippered wearing tights. The only girl I can remember wearing tights is Selina in *Janus* 61 and as this was quite some time ago I hope you can feature this in the near future.

Congratulations on a great magazine and good luck for the next 100 issues.

K.S., Aberdeen

● *K.S.'s suggestion is an interesting one. Readers will recall that in issue 92, B.M.E. of London proposed we conduct a formal poll of readers to determine the top ten models for publication in* Janus *100.*

Of course, that will not be the hundredth but approximately the two-hundredth edition, because Janus *was published for a full decade in volumes and numbers before the present decimal series started.*

If you have any special requests or suggestions for the content of this landmark issue, please let us know now. How would you like to celebrate our centenary? – Ed.

Is It Our Duty To Cry?

I would like to reply to a letter in *Janus* 94 which was written by O.R.C. of Middlesex. You made a complaint about the chastisement of Lisa in *Janus* 92. You seemed concerned that at the end of her punishment she is smiling, as though she rather enjoyed the experience.

Well, I hope this doesn't come as too much of a shock to all you men, but most of us girls really do enjoy our punishments. I love to push my bottom-cheeks up to meet the cane and fully absorb its biting sting. My boyfriend feels great pride that I never cry or squirm, even when he canes me severely. He finds that the total control and willpower I have over my own body gives him an inner strength which allows him to feel no guilt or award me any leniency.

I adore *not* the pain, but the warm burning feeling that spreads through my whole body with every stroke. It is a very special sensation that can be obtained by no other means. Therefore, the higher my pain threshold, the more sensual, exciting and fulfilling my experiences are.

But as we girls have always been the weaker sex in society, I feel we have a certain duty to please our men!

So come on, girls! Put on all those tears that they want to see, and cry out if it gives them pleasure. But we know deep down inside. We are not fighting, but secretly smiling and filled with immense happiness!

Cathy L., (Miss), London SE22

Not Only On The Bottom

When are we going to see a sequel to The Overseer (*Janus* 88)? This photo fantasy about Tania Hicks was exceedingly good. I am now much looking forward to seeing her sister Elena get the treatment!

Perhaps, after showing us Elena being the subject, in a further issue you could feature both sisters together getting what they deserve.

The notion of incorporating other areas of the female anatomy besides the bottom to receive safe corrective treatment is, of course, excellent. Apart from Tania's case, this was also very well done in the continuation of the Chelsea feature (*Janus* 90) where she was disciplined on the front of her thighs and on the midriff as well as on her behind.

In *Janus* 91 Tamasin's Positions #2 was extremely exciting. What a willing and accomplished gymnast is that girl! She is to be particularly complimented on her ability to contort her splendid figure into some amazingly fresh and interesting poses, to present her thighs to be punished. A plucky, feisty girl, who obviously enjoyed herself, along with Wendy, Anneke, Tania, Chelsea and co!

Do let's see Penny, the fab black girl again, nude!

H.O.C., London NW3

Introduction Of A Spanking Couple

May I first of all say thank you to M.B. of Grimsby, D.T. of London W5 and J.P. of Chelmsford, to name but a few of my fellow *Janus* enthusiasts who have given me so much pleasure in the past, not only with their letters but also with the delightful photographs of their partners.

May I now be allowed to join this happy band of writers, and add my own account of my wife's spankings?

Anne is always spanked on her bare bottom, as like D.T. of London I believe that it adds an essential aspect of humiliation to the punishment. I also cannot think of a more appealing sight than that of a bare bottom gradually changing colour from creamy white to a burning red as it bounces under a punishing hand.

Most of Anne's punishments are given as a spanking with the hand. However, we do have a three-tailed tawse which is kept for the more serious offences, such as when she reversed her car into a fence. (I will write of that occasion in the future if you wish.)

When Anne is to be punished, she is instructed to go and change, and prepare herself for a spanking. She is given five minutes to do this in and must not be later than that. Whilst Anne is changing,

READERS' LETTERS

I place a dining chair in the middle of the room and await her arrival. Usually, she will reappear dressed in red basque, stockings, red high-heeled shoes, and red French knickers.

I immediately order her to bare her breasts, as I find that her humiliation is increased by having to reach into her basque, cup her breasts and lift them out. She is then told to lie over my knees, and as she lowers herself into position I tell her to expect her bottom very shortly to match the colour of her basque and knickers.

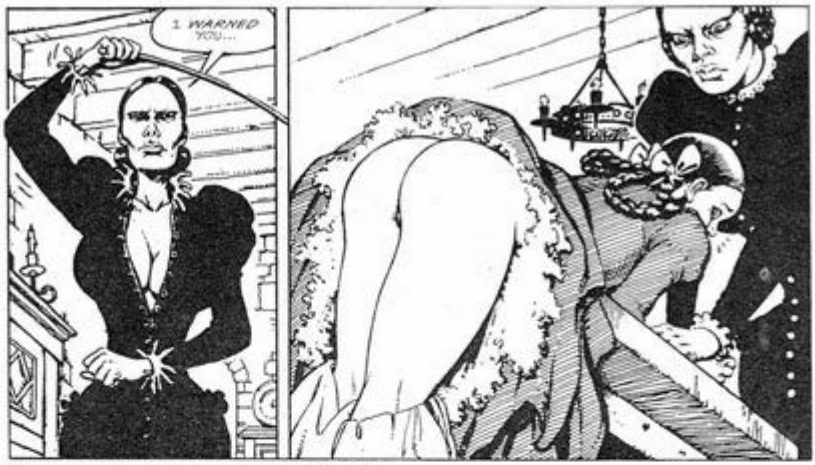
Once over my lap, she has to lift her hips in order that I can take down her knickers to reveal her full, rounded, creamy bottom. I always smack her on alternate bottom-cheeks, not too hard at first, and taking my time between each spank. I find that beginning in this way gives Anne time to realise that she is going to get a very sore bottom indeed. It also means that the spanking can be prolonged over a period of 15 to 20 minutes.

We do not have a set number of smacks which are to be delivered; I simply smack her bottom until I think she has been punished sufficiently for her misdeeds. After the warm-up is completed, when the skin has taken on a pink hue, I begin to smack her very hard, still on alternate buttocks but now without leaving any space between spanks. At this point I switch to an upwards skimming stroke which proves very effective, and before long Anne will start to wriggle and squirm over my knee, shortly to be followed by her tears.

As D.T. of London rightly points out in issue 90, we should draw a veil over the ensuing part of the proceedings since in *Janus* we concern ourselves purely with the spanking and corporal punishment side of married life.

I hope to become a regular contributor to *Janus*, now that I have taken the first step, and hope you can find space to publish my letter and the enclosed photographs of Anne's bottom.

S.J.McG.,
Newcastle upon Tyne



Frames from 'The Young Witches' (Eros Comix)

CP Comic Strips

Though this is my first letter to your magazine, I have read *Janus* for many years since it was published in its smaller format. I have been fascinated by spanking all my life, since witnessing two incidents in my youth.

Over the years I have also developed a love of science fiction and fantasy in all its forms, but especially in comics. In most cases spanking in comics has been treated in fun at the Beano and Dandy level, but with comics becoming an increasingly accepted form of storytelling more adult themes are appearing and with them some very erotic spanking sequences.

Enclosed are a couple of examples. The first strip comes from issue one (June 1991) of 'The Young Witches'. This was a four-part limited series from Eros Comix in America, written by Barreiro and illustrated by F. Solano Lopez. The other sample is from issue six (December 1990) of 'Melody — the true story of a nude dancer', again from America and published by Kitchen Sink Comix.

Where to find these comics and alike? Well, Customs have clamped down a great deal in recent years on strong adult comics coming through the main comics suppliers. However, at the many comic fairs that take place all over the country there are usually one or two private dealers who will have comics of this kind for sale.

Finally, can I say how much I enjoyed *Janus* 93, especially the article 'Dateline USA' though it would have been nice to have seen the artwork printed larger. I have written to the addresses quoted for these American magazines, but hope that they will be available in the UK before too long.

R.T.,
Ashford, Kent

The Upper Hand

I have discovered another American publication which includes spanking contact ads, too late for inclusion in my Dateline USA article in *Janus* 93.

The Upper Hand is edited by Barbara, who proclaims herself to be the original California brat. It is a monthly newsletter-style publication focused on real-life adult spanking, and the emphasis is less on fantasy than on forming relationships and practical advice as to how to go about it. The four pages of adverts in issue 9 had entries from 20 states, and the regular monthly publication ensures reliability to the advertiser.

Barbara supplements *The Upper Hand* with audio and video tapes intended to inform as much as entertain. As an example, she offers an audio/video package titled 'Spanking for Mutual Pleasure, an Exploration and Explanation by a Famous Life-style Couple'.

Barbara herself has the enthusiasm one craves in a spanking-oriented lady. To date, she has personalised her publishing efforts by making her phone number available to some patrons.

One can learn more by writing to:

Calbrat Enterprises
PO Box 637
Capitola, CA 95010
USA

Richard Watson
Boston, USA

Accusation Refuted

I was very satisfied with Carol's confession as it appeared in *Janus* 93; the reproduction of the photos was excellent and they very effectively illustrated the article. I hope that it adequately presents Carol's views and satisfies the concern of E.A. of London N22, who suggests that I do not take Carol's 'feelings or needs' into account. Let me remind him that the P in CP is for

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punishment, not pleasure, and that Carol is caned on her bottom for disciplinary purposes. The decision to use the cane is never taken lightly, and neither do I take advantage of her submissive nature to use CP excessively. Each stroke of the cane is a serious matter and is administered with great care.

It should be evident that it took much courage (and blushes) on Carol's part to reveal her sexual response to the cane. However, she was interested to read in South African Spanking Pleasures on page 52 of the same issue that other girls masturbate after receiving CP. By sending her to bed after a caning, and thereby giving her the opportunity, if she so wishes, to masturbate, I feel I cannot be accused of not taking her needs into account. Indeed, by the time I join her in bed she is generally both too tired and too sore to have normal intercourse and the best she can offer me is hand-relief.

I would be interested to know E.A.'s response to the letter from M.B. of Grimsby (*Janus* 93) who states (page 49) that his wife Judith 'detests the cane but receives it . . . (as) a sharp reminder of her wifely position'. What about poor Judith's feelings and needs then? In her confession, Carol makes it clear that, while she doesn't *like* the cane, she accepts that there are occasions when she must be caned, and looks forward to the pleasure she knows she'll experience afterwards.

D.T.,
London W5

The 150 Per Cent Bottom

I hope you're not getting tired of hearing from me, but the letters in *Janus*, particularly those accompanied by photographic evidence, really invite comment.

D.T. of London W5 must be the luckiest man in the world, having not only a wife with an exceptionally well-rounded bottom, but one who is willing to bend over with her knickers down and have it caned! Let's face it, Carol has a bottom-and-

a-half. Those tiny photos don't do it justice, but even so, it is evident that those luscious buttocks are quite outstanding. What enjoyment D.T. must derive from thrashing them, and she from having them thrashed!

I hope that caning stool is comfortable; it must take at least ten minutes to cane such an ample, generous bottom really soundly. But I think if I had such magnificent buttocks to deal with, I would be tempted to try a different implement like a firm strap, such as that applied to Steph Jackson's squirming bum in *Janus* 92, to take greater advantage of the large expanse of flesh available for treatment. Best of all would be a birch, which would also be ideal for whipping those firm, plump thighs as well.

Finally, would it please be possible to see a much larger picture than hitherto, showing Carol having a thrashing administered to her lovely bottom? (S.B. of Hampshire is absolutely right to eschew knickered bottoms — the only reason Carol should have to wear knickers when presenting her bottom for punishment is so that they can be taken down.) This photo would grace my treasured collection of beauties such as Sophie, Nicola, Chelsea and Lisa, to name but a few.

D.F.,
Warminster, Wilts

●*We have had to reproduce D.T.'s photos of Carol at small size because up to now these have been Polaroids which are smaller than normal prints and tend not to enlarge well. However, with our encouragement D.T. is now experimenting with 35mm photography and we are looking forward to the results! – Ed.*

Carol, The Naughty Nurse

Girls in uniform have featured regularly in *Janus* photo stories over the years, even though, regrettably, some favourites are now banned. Recently my wife Carol acquired a nurse's uniform and we decided to create a *Janus*-type scenario, taking photos using the camera's self-timer. The uniform consists of a short blue-and-white striped dress, a white apron and black seamed stockings, worn with white underwear and a black suspender belt.

With Carol dressed as a nurse, I took the part of the senior doctor. I have received a report that Nurse Carol is persistently wearing her uniform indecently short and disturbing the patients by showing her underwear. I summon her to my office and tell her to sit down. Reluctantly she does so, leaving no doubt in my mind that the reports are correct.

Her short dress leaves little to the imagination, which is why she has been told on several occasions to lengthen it. Having repeatedly ignored the warnings, the time has come for her to be punished. I tell her to stand up and I sit down facing her.

'You have been warned on numerous occasions, Nurse, about your indecent uniform and you have ignored those warnings. It is therefore my duty to punish you and I have decided to make an example of you, to discourage any others foolish enough to imitate you. Do you have anything to say?'

'I'm sorry, doctor. The patients like my short dress.'

'That is not the point, Nurse. Going around showing your underclothes will give the

patients heart attacks. I'm going to have to smack your bottom, Nurse. Lift up your dress.'

Without hesitation, Carol reached down and pulled up her dress, holding it up round her waist. Her black suspenders were fastened to the tops of her nylon stockings, the straps threaded under her panties.

'Right, Nurse, you must learn to do as you're told, which is why I'm going to put you across my knee. Come here.' Reluctantly, Carol came closer and I pulled her face-down across my lap, her dress still up around her waist. I ran my hand over the seat of her panties and she winced, anticipating a smack.

'We'll have these panties down, Nurse, so I can spank your bare bottom.' I held the waistband of her knickers, slipped them over her suspender clips, and pulled them down to just below her stocking tops. I stroked her firm bottom meekly waiting to be smacked, then raised my hand. I began to spank her, smacking each buttock alternately as she wriggled and squirmed across my knee.

'Oooh! Ouch! Please not so hard, doctor,' she pleaded.

'I'll teach you to do as you're told, Nurse!' I promised, smacking her bottom harder. Her buttocks turned pink at first and then a deeper shade of red as the spanking progressed. Carol started to cry quietly and stopped squirming as she gave up resisting and resigned herself to her brisk punishment.

I spanked her a few more times and then paused. The tops of her thighs just above her stocking tops were still white and I began smacking her on those sensitive parts. Carol kicked her legs and squealed, begging me to stop. Finally, I did stop, judging that by now she had been punished enough.

I helped her up off my knee and she stood rubbing her bottom, hopping from foot to foot, panties round her stocking tops. I reached across to the table behind me and picked up one of the canes. 'Don't you forget, Nurse,' I

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said sternly. 'This time you've been let off with a spanking, but next time you'll get six strokes of the cane on your bare bottom. Now pull up your panties and go and make your uniform a decent length.'

A few minutes later I followed Carol into the bedroom and was surprised to find her wearing her bra, panties and stockings and standing with her arms folded. 'So,' she said in a surprisingly authoritative tone of voice, 'you've come to have your little problem treated by Nurse, have you?'

'Problem?' I asked. 'What problem?' She pointed to the tell-tale bulge in the front of my trousers. Spanking her invariably gives me an erection.

'I think that needs immediate attention. Take off your trousers and lie on the bed, there's a good boy.' I was completely taken aback by her tone, and simply did as I was told. I lay on the bed and she came and sat down gingerly beside me, wriggling on her spanked bottom. 'My bottom hurts. Now, let Nurse have a look at you.' She pulled my underpants down at the front.

'There we are, just as I thought,' Carol said, as crisply as any nurse could. 'That needs relieving with a good hard rub.' She grasped my penis firmly and started to masturbate me. 'Nurse will make you better,' she said soothingly. I closed my eyes.

'That spanking obviously did you some good, Nurse,' I murmured, aroused by her increasingly vigorous rubbing of my penis. 'This is just what the doctor ordered!'

Bliss . . .

D.T,
London W5

A Proper Bend-Over

Janus 92 was as good as ever and contained some excellent photos of girls, what I call 'properly bent over' as opposed to just 'bent over'.

As a purist, I find that attention to detail in a bending pose makes all the difference. A good pose will focus the attention on the bottom; it will be the outstanding part of the body, other parts becoming insignificant, and all areas of the bottom will be fully available to the spanker. A very far cry from the bottom being little more than the hinge-point between back and leg!

Take for a start the lovely Lisa, and her gorgeous bottom, bending across the dining table for a well deserved meeting with the martinet in *Janus* 92. The pictures on pages 10, 11 & 12 show her 'properly bent over', because her upper body is flat on the table, making her hollow her back, her bottom thrust up and out, totally submissive to the martinet. On page 13, however, she has been allowed to rest on her elbows, reducing her bent bottom to a mere angle. Likewise, the colour photo on page 28 shows a perfectly presented bottom, but on the facing page she has again been allowed to raise her torso from the table.

The photos on pages 14 & 15 showing her spread-legged are perhaps the best, as this stance emphasises and broadens the bottom even more, and gives the martinet access to the soft inner thighs. I would like to see her lying flat across the table, stretching forward to grasp the far edge, with legs either straight or bent so that the table takes her full weight and rounds her bottom even more.

Now to Carolyn, owner of another superb bottom, and her very 'properly bent over' pose touching her toes on page 32. High-heeled shoes make a long reach down, fingertips touching toes, all attention thus drawn to that perfectly bent bottom awaiting the cane. The lower photos on page 53 are also good, but the spread-leg one would be improved if she also touched her toes, thus cocking up her bottom further; the top left photo on that page would make it difficult to give a caning, due to the nearness of the wall and the slackness of Carolyn's bottom; in the top right one on page 35, her bent legs draw the bottom too tight, losing the well-spread bottom, which is so important for the sting of a cane.

Party girl Patricia on page 50 has a nice full bottom but it would be better offered to the partygoers if her head and shoulders were right down in the chair seat. On a similar chair on page 48, the magical Sophie Fennington thrusts out her beautiful bottom pertly, but she could improve this by dropping her head and arms down over the chair back.

There are only two over-the-knee poses in *Janus* 92, both drawings, and I would have liked to see these with the spankee's head low down at carpet level, so that her body hairpins up to the focal point of her rounded bottom. *(We trust you enjoyed page 43 of* Janus *94! – Ed.)*

One who is always 'properly bent over' is my all-time *Janus* favourite, the much spanked Judith, who spends so much time over the knee of M.B. of Grimsby! In the photo-spread on page 52 of issue 76, she is over M.B.'s knee for a paddling, head right down, and probably feet on the floor. Her frantically kicking legs are certainly due to the glowing state of her bottom, which is nicely cocked up for M.B.'s attentions. At the foot of the page, we find Judith submissively draped over her husband's lap, legs spread to stretch her bottom wide, in a very 'proper' pose for a sound hand-spanking.

Then of course there is the famous punishment trestle which made its debut in *Janus* 48; this must be the perfect aid to a 'proper bend-over'. Once resting over it, hands gripping the lower bar, Judith is appropriately arched, her inverted skirt covering much of her upper body and her head, her inside-out knickers much of her legs. This leaves nothing to distract the attention from those fine full buttocks, at just the right tension and spread, every part of them readily accessible to M.B.'s cane.

Finally, there is the acceptable slack-bottom pose. I have been talking of being 'properly bent over', but a bottom can also be 'properly offered'. If a decent-sized bottom is to be treated to a good session with a paddle or strap, its owner can be made to lie flat, a few pillows beneath her hips to plump it up, to produce some delightful bouncing and jiggling as the leather smacks down.

Perhaps the whole subject can be summarised by a spanker who told his young lady to bend over the back of a chair. The lady in question rested her elbows on the chair, just poking out her bottom at him, to be rewarded with an almighty whack, and the words: 'When I tell you to bend over, you bend right over, and don't just drape yourself decoratively on that chair!'

D.W.,
London SW6

Corrective Roulette

I am intrigued by an idea I have recently had for a recurring CP situation involving two girls in their twenties and a strict gentleman in his fifties. Once a week, say on a Thursday at 7pm, the two young ladies report to his study together, dressed identically in clothing that he has stipulated

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in order that he may assist them with their moral development and self-betterment. The pair, who are friends, are grateful for their mentor's firm but fair guidance, and recognise the necessity of the corporal punishment he awards them from time to time to help concentrate their minds on particular shortcomings he has identified in either.

The difference with this idea is that the girls themselves seek this gentleman's aid, and willingly submit to his direction as a *guru* figure. He is very strong on the need for responsibility, as the only basis for all good behaviour and right action. Since their quest is sincere, and they are ready to work on themselves together, he persuades the girls to take responsibility not only for their own actions but for each other's actions as well. Thus any wrongness that either young lady finds within herself is a shared wrong, and one which may be more effectively dealt with by the application of both their wills in tandem.

To assist them in taking joint responsibility, the cane is applied to only one girl per visit, although of course there are occasions when Sir Bamboo remains in his cupboard. Each girl may be punished equally for her own faults or her friend's. Whenever punishment is to be given, both girls are required to flip up their identical skirts, lower their matching knickers to their knees, and touch the toes of their polished court shoes. Bending side by side, both girls present their bared bottoms to the rod but neither knows until it actually lands whether it is she or her friend who will be the one to take it this time.

Each is punished as much for the other's faults as for her own, and it is impossible for them to predict whose bottom will sting to blazes and whose will remain alabaster-white and totally untouched.

When the caning has been given, both girls pull up their knickers and adjust their dress before being dismissed with a final admonishment.

I would like to know whether both girls — the punished and the unpunished — would benefit in equal measure from this treatment, and would appreciate readers' comments with a view to solving this riddle which is puzzling me.

N.F.,
London SW13

On Being Caned

Like any girl stripped nude,
I blush with shame
And wonder what strange
games we play for lust.
It's all my fault. There's no one
else to blame.
So cane my arse. You'll cane
me well, I trust.

I touch my toes. My knees are
very straight.
I hear the swish — I wish I
never had —
It bites my flesh, a swordfish
snapping bait.
It hurts too much . . . I never
thought . . . I'm mad!

Mad to agree, and yet agree I
did. And so
I take these strokes that pain
me in the extreme,
And gasp and sigh and sob and
cry my woe:
Beg the last stroke to end this
cruel dream.

No need to pinch me awake.
You cane too well.
Heaven, it's over! My arse still
burns in hell.

Lyn P.

Judicial Caning In Singapore

I read with interest the correspondence from I.G. of Edinburgh in issues 88 and 90 regarding the use of judicial corporal punishment in various parts of the world. I too find true accounts to be more interesting than fiction.

One country where corporal punishment *is* routinely in use is Singapore.

As a colony Singapore had imposed corporal punishment before and after the war, but by the 1950s it was falling into

READERS' PHOTOS OF THE MONTH

We *just know* that our readers have some great pictures! If you want to prove it, send your prints (only) to: The Photo Editor, *Janus*, 40 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PB. There will be an award of £10 to the sender of the best each month. Unfortunately no entries can be returned.

There's just one thing to remember – if you show the model's face she'll need to sign a model release form consenting to publication. We'll send you one on receipt of suitable pictures.

Winner this issue is P. McH. of Accrington, Lancashire

READERS' LETTERS

disuse. Since independence, however, its imposition has been steadily increasing, and in 1973 it was made *compulsory* for about 30 offences, in most cases together with a term of imprisonment.

Caning is mandatory for murder attempts, robbery, rape, drug trafficking, vandalism, illegal entry into the country and the illegal use of fireworks. The law lays down the minimum number of strokes to be imposed in such cases. Examples include 15 strokes for certain drug offences, 12 strokes for robbery, and six strokes for the possession or use of offensive weapons.

The punishment is also available as a discretionary option for an even wider range of offences, including rioting, manslaughter, kidnap, extortion, theft and housebreaking. This is in line with Singapore's tough, no-nonsense attitude towards criminals, and the heavy emphasis placed upon deterrence in the role of crime prevention. The law exempts females, children, and males over 50. No more than 24 strokes can be imposed at any one sentencing. Punishments by instalments are forbidden.

The imposition of corporal punishment is governed by the Criminal Procedure Code and prison rules. The punishment nowadays takes the form of caning on the bare buttocks. Canings must be inflicted as soon as possible after ten days from the date of sentence, or after any appeal is disposed of. They are administered, in private, at Changi Prison (just near the airport).

The punishment is frequently imposed, and hardly a week goes by without local newspapers reporting caning sentences. In 1988 alone, over 600 canings were carried out. Some of the men are foreigners, who are not exempt.

How is caning administered? Graphic descriptions have been published in Singapore newspapers (eg, *Straits Times* 13.9.74, *The New Paper* 10.9.91). These quote accounts by the Director of Prisons, and former prisoners.

Those sentenced to the cane are firstly given a thorough medical examination to ensure that they are fit to receive the punishment. They are led to a corridor adjacent to the compound to await their turn. Although the punishment is administered out of sight of the other prisoners, often several canings are carried out on the one occasion.

When it is the man's turn, his name is called and he is led into the compound. He is ordered to strip. He is then bent naked over a sturdy wooden trestle and heavy padding is tied across the small of his back to prevent accidental injury. The trestle is described as being made of two H-shaped frames joined at the top and extended at the base to about three feet. The horizontal bar on the prisoner's side is slightly padded and adjustable. When the man is securely in position he is bent at about right angles at the hip, so that his buttocks are stretched taut.

The prison officers then take up their positions. A Superintendent Warder and his assistant, and a doctor and a male nurse are present. The caning is administered by two warders who take turns. They are well-built, kept in regular training, and described as holding 'quite high' grades in martial arts. The warder stands about five feet away from the prisoner, adjusting his position with the cane he is using. The cane is four feet long and of half-inch maximum thickness. The contact end has been soaked overnight. The charge is read aloud by the Superintendent, and the order is given to proceed.

At the signal, the warder draws the cane in a full arc, then brings it down hard. The 'Swish' and 'Thwick!' are described as 'incredibly loud'. Strokes are administered at about one-minute intervals. No two strokes are supposed to land on the same spot. The doctor monitors the man's condition during the caning to ensure that he can take it. The punishment can be stopped on his orders at any time, in which case the remainder is remitted.

Prisoners have described the pain of caning. One recalled: 'The pain was beyond description. If there is a word stronger than excruciating that would be the word to describe it.' Another recounted the aftermath: 'My buttocks felt as if they were burning . . . I could not sit down or even lie on my back.'

A fear of prisoners is that they will not be able to stop themselves from crying out during the caning. There is an unwritten law in Changi Prison that the prisoner must not cry, no matter how painful the strokes. The man loses face if he cries out and no one will respect him.

As can be seen, the caning is extremely painful. It is also humiliating for the young and middle-aged men to have to submit to a thrashing in the manner of naughty schoolboys.

Without doubt, caning in the Singapore context acts as a deterrent, and the men get little sympathy. Certainly Singapore has a reputation as a safe country in which to walk the streets. It would be interesting to speculate on the incidence of crime if this punishment were used elsewhere.

I hope that this letter will provide *Janus* readers with some insight into the realities of corporal punishment as it actually occurs. I enclose some news-clippings verifying all the details.

T.J.M.,
Seaford, South Australia

Dire Straits

The year was 1970, the place Singapore and the headline in *The Straits Times* one sunny tropical morning read: 'Four British Wrens Each Receive 8 Strokes of the Rattan'. I remember it very clearly. Apparently the girls concerned had driven away a motor vehicle without the owner's consent from the city centre to their quarters in the naval base at Nee Soon village where they were apprehended.

It was rather a common occurrence in Singapore to read similar reports in the local newspaper as corporal punishment was freely exercised by the courts and, I believe, still is even to the present day. However, back in 1970 the case of the Wrens attracted a lot of interest from people both within and outside the Navy. In the messes rumours abounded, with all kinds of fantasies being invented and circulated despite silence being maintained by the four girls of their ordeal.

Eventually, several weeks later, full explicit details of that punishment session finally filtered through to the eager ears within the lower deck. The Wrens said that they were escorted from the court by three Chinese policewomen to a windowless room below, then ordered to remove skirts and underwear prior to being bent securely over a table in an undignified position for their punishment to be administered. Female colleagues reported that when the girls returned to their mess each appeared very shaken, some were still crying and all four sat in buckets of cool water until the pain of the cane weals had subsided.

One of the girls I remember was called Sandra, who came from South Wales and was 22 years old. Perhaps other readers of your magazine who served in the Far East may be able to throw some light on this episode.

A.J.R.,
Somerset

● *No authenticating press cutting was enclosed with this letter. – Ed.*

Triple-Graded Bottoms

Spanking can be a lovely form of sexual foreplay, converting a cool, liberated, independent miss into a giggling, flushed, sexy sensuous woman.

By flipping your lady's sari, skirt or petticoats up and pulling her panties down you can access her luscious buttocks very easily. But if you smack her derrière in any old position, she'll only feel pain and no pleasure and you'll blow the chances of a romantic night. The correct approach is to take her across

READERS' LETTERS

your lap and place her in a face-down, buttocks-skywards pose.

In this position the woman's buttocks are raised and offered up to her loving husband, whilst she is comforted by the support of his thighs. The pain felt by the recipient is then basically of a sexual nature and the pleasure is heightened. Pain, as is understood in the conventional sense of the term, is less in this position, which activates the streak of masochism inherent or latent in every woman's psyche.

There are three grades of pain threshold, as follows:

Grade 1: There are rare ladies who love to be spanked mercilessly — because 'my cunt is turned on by the fire in my arse'. This may be due to the psychological humiliation involved, as in the classic Victorian approach to spanking, or to the strong physical sensations felt by the raised rump as it is forcefully smacked by the open male palm, or to a combination of both factors.

Grade 2: Some ladies like to receive a few stinging smacks, smarting slaps or stimulating spanks on the bare buttocks, until the tingling sensations make their pussies lubricate. Or such a lady may instead be willing to accept any number of spanks but only with her panties on. Make no mistake, however: a pantied behind can be just as sexy, cute, wiggly, wigglesome, pinchable or plain tantalising — if not more so — than a lady's bare bottom.

Grade 3: This lady is essentially sexy rather than submissive. She is willing to be spanked on two conditions: that the spanks are more playful pats than full-blooded smacks, and that you stop spanking as soon as she begs off. Some lovely bottoms fall into this category and it would be a great shame for the would-be spanker to miss them just because they are constitutionally unable to absorb higher doses of CP. Their owners tend to be particularly susceptible to being teased with phrases like 'her bashful ladyship's bouncing bottom' — and to the sensuous fetishisation of their behinds.

Of the three types listed above, usually only the Grade 1 behinds yearn of their own accord for canes, slippers, cat-o'-nine-tails, martinets and other serious instruments of discipline. Some such ladies are lucky enough to have husbands who have introduced them to the true pleasures of the rod. Others, unfortunately, are frustrated because they are dying to have their bottoms paid attention to, but are married to men whose predilection is for the breasts, legs or feet, who therefore neglect what, for these ladies, is their most erogenous region. This causes sexual frustration and unfulfilled sex needs in wives who would rather be coddled, cuddled, pinched, bitten, patted, smacked, whipped and kissed down there than indulge in other kind of sex or foreplay.

Conversely, the form of arse-related sexual frustration from which men most commonly suffer stems from the fact that many attractive ladies possess beautiful bottoms but their own response is geared to their nipples or breasts, face or clitoris, feet or calves — anywhere but their buttocks! This can cause a lot of inner turmoil and conflict in men, whether husbands, boyfriends or plain onlookers. These ladies need to be re-educated regarding the erotic allure and erotogenic responsiveness of their bottoms.

To their husbands I would recommend an aperitif of squeezing, pinching, licking, kissing, nibbling, patting and fondling your wife's bottom before you make love to her. In time, nothing could become more natural — and more arousing — for her than to be spanked as a prelude to intercourse. This approach surely cannot fail.

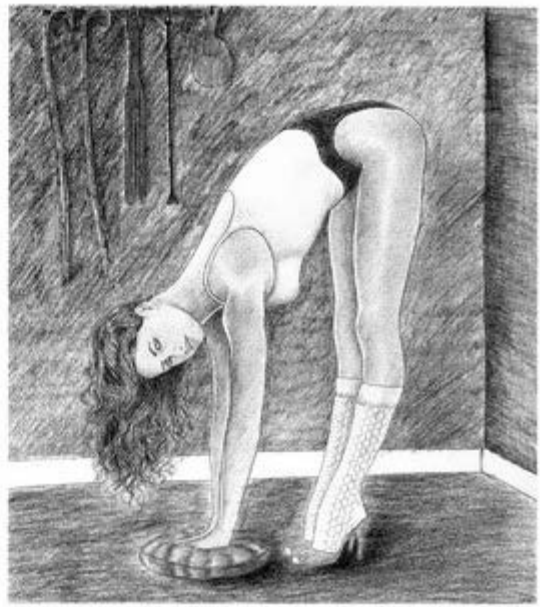
A.S.G.,
Bombay, India

● *And as Dale Spender points out in her book* Man-Made Language*: 'What men call foreplay is what women call sex.' — Ed.*

Advice To Contributors

Would intending contributors please note that stories and articles can be considered for publication only if professionally presented, ie typed on one side of A4-size paper with double line-spacing. Only a very small proportion of submitted fiction is accepted for publication, and stories which do not conform to our content parameters obviously stand no chance. Unwanted submissions not accompanied by an appropriate SAE are not returned but disposed of. Readers' letters may be handwritten or typed, but it would assist us if typed letters could be double line-spaced to avoid their having to be retyped for sub-editing. Letters from female correspondents are not published unless we are convinced that they are in female handwriting. Published stories with female bylines are by female writers. We are pleased to receive relevant press cuttings but would readers sending them please ensure that the name and date of the source publication are included, otherwise they cannot be used. The editorial staff are unable to answer queries, arrange meetings, or engage in personal correspondence.

Now, let's be hearing from you!



Daily Mirror, 17.2.92 (beneath a rear-view photo of the lovely blonde in jeans):

Shy Ulrika has got the top Bottom

Weather girl Ulrika Jonsson shows off her bottom that won her the title Rear of the Year. But there was no one more surprised than the modest TV-am star.

Ulrika, 24, says she's 'a bit conscious' about her behind which she describes as a 'womanly size 12'. One person with no complaints is cameraman husband John Turnbull, 26. 'He thinks it's lovely,' said Ulrika.

● *Ulrika must be the only person who sees her bottom, a 'womanly size 12' to be a disadvantage! — Photo Editor.*

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